MARVEL 25TH ANNIVERSARY

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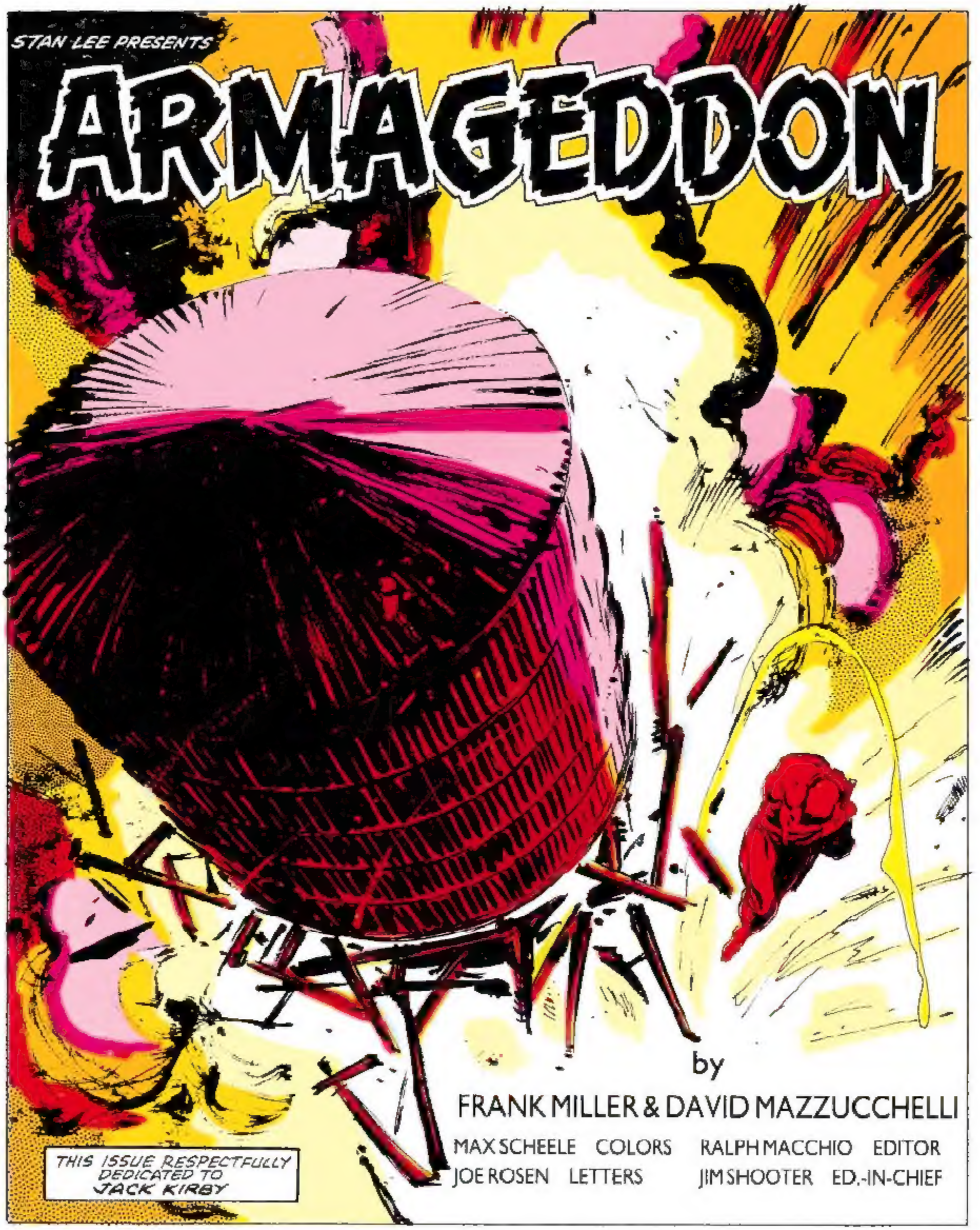
ARMAGEDDON


STAN LEE PRESENTS
ARMAGEDDON
by
FRANK MILLER & DAVID MAZZUCCHELLI
MAX SCHEELE COLORS
RALPH MACCHIO EDITOR
JOE ROSEN LETTERS
JIM SHOOTER ED.-IN-CHIEF
THIS ISSUE RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO JACK KIRBY

HELL'S KITCHEN SCREAMS.

A BUILDING FACADE BECOMES A BONE-CRUSHING **AVALANCHE**-- **NAPALM** SPLATTERS FROM **ROOF** TO CROWDED **STREET**-- A CAR EXPLODES--

-- **GLASS** SPLINTERS SHARP AS **RAZORS**-- SLICES THROUGH THE **AIR**--AND THROUGH **FLESH**--

--**SIRENS** WAIL LIKE SPOILED **CHILDREN**--

-- **CHILDREN**-- DON'T THINK ABOUT THE **CHILDREN**-- DON'T **LISTEN** TO THEM--

--THE **GUN**--THAT LUNATIC'S **GUN**--

LISTEN TO IT-- FIRING **BULLETS** NOW--

--LISTEN TO HIM--

WE'RE PULLING **OUT**, BOY. OUR TARGET'S **VANISHED**.

WON'T LET YOU **DOWN**, COLONEL--

--I'LL **FIND** HIM--

NO, NUKE-- **MISSION ABORTED**--

--WON'T LET YOU **DOWN**--

--WON'T LET--OUR **BOYS** DOWN--

HIS HEART'S **STRONG**--BUT TOO **FAST**-- GOT TO BE **AMPHETAMINES**--

--I'LL BE **LUCKY** IF THAT'S **ALL** THERE IS TO HIM...

BOSS--IT'S GETTING OUT OF HAND--IT'S ALL OVER THE NEWS--

--YOU'VE GOT TO STOP IT--

THERE, DID YOU FEEL THAT--

--EVEN HERE--TWENTY BLOCKS DISTANT--THE EARTH TREMBLES...

SKREEK

BRA KK

--NO--HE'S TOO QUICK--

--NO--EVERY TIME HE FIRES THAT THING--

--ACROSS THE STREET AN OLD WOMAN CRUMPLES BY HER WINDOW WITH WOUNDS THAT WILL NEVER HEAL--

THWOKK

--EVERY TIME HE FIRES PEOPLE DIE--

--IT'S GOT TO BE HAND TO--

--TOO FAST--

WHKKK

--AND HE'S GOT BACK-UP--THAT HELICOPTER...

BRA

BRAKAB

--STAY CLOSE TO HIM--ONLY CHANCE--

SPAKASPAKA

--DON'T GIVE HIM A SECOND--

--NERVE CENTER --FEEL IT HUM LIKE A FUSE BOX--SHORT CIRCUIT THE--

--NO GOOD--

KLUD

THIS IS SLAUGHTER, BOSS--THIS IS MASS MURDER--

THIS IS WAR. I HAVE DONE NO MORE THAN TRANSPORT IT--FROM A SOUTH AMERICAN JUNGLE--

--TO MANHATTAN-- TO HELL'S KITCHEN--

--DOESN'T FEEL PAIN--

--DON'T GO FOR PAIN--

--GO FOR EYES--

THWOKK

--DOESN'T MATTER-- HE'S BLIND AS I AM--

--TOO MANY VICTIMS-- MAKE HIM DROP IT--

--MUSCLES CAN'T WORK IF THEY'RE SEVERED--

--NO--ALMOST BROKE MY FINGERS--

BOSS... IF THIS GETS PINNED ON US...

YOU FORGET THAT NUKE IS A GOVERNMENT AGENT, WESLEY. DO YOU THINK THE ARMY WANTS IT KNOWN THAT THEY LOANED HIS SERVICES TO THE CRIME-LORD OF NEW YORK CITY?

WE MAY DEPEND ON OUR DULY ELECTED OFFICIALS TO PROTECT US.

--BLIND AS I AM--BUT HE DOESN'T HAVE--HEIGHTENED **SENSES**--

--BUILT-IN **RADAR**-- TELLS ME--

--WHERE EVERYTHING IS--**BETTER** THAN EYES--

--**FORGET** NERVES-- SO **MANY** VICTIMS--

--**FORGET** NERVES--

--BREAK THE **BONE**--

CHAKK

SNAKK

--NOT--THAT'S NOT **BONE**--

--NO MORE-- STOP BEING CLEVER--

--NO MORE--

WHUKK

My name is BEN URICH. I'm a REPORTER.

THERE--OVER THERE--

I GOT IT--

KLIK

HELL'S KITCHEN is under ATTACK by a one man ARMY. MATT MURDOCK is trying to negotiate a CEASE FIRE.

Unilaterally.

SSZZZATT

CRAZY IT'S CRAZY--

MARY--

ALL UNITS--

MY LEG MY LEG MY LEG--

END OF THE WORLD IT'S--

--WATCH IT GLORI WATCH IT-- GLORI--

--GLORI-- GET OUT OF THE WAY--

KLIK

I GOT IT--

--HELP ME I CAN'T BREATHE--

SKKREKKK

KLIK

--CAN'T BREATHE--

--GLORI YOU IDIOT--

PFAM

I shouldn't call him MATT.

WHOOSH

Give the man his DUE. He's wearing the TIGHTS.

He's DAREDEVIL. The man without FEAR.

Fear of BULLETS-- or ROCKETS--

--or FIRE--

KKR MPP

--THE *FIRE*, GLORI-- WHEN IT HITS THE *GAS TANK*--

--COME *ON*--

KLIK

AAAA

BEN!

OUR-- *BOYS*--

GET IT *OFF* ME-- GET IT *OFF* ME--

BEN-- STOP *THRASHING*--

SKKRAK

COMING FOR YOU, BOY--
BRAKA BRAKA
BRAKA BRAKA BRAK
OHHHH--
--GET IT OFF ME--
NO MORE.
PFAMM

FORGIVE ME.

Out of NOWHERE they appear.

THIS ONE'S BEEN *SHOT.*

MEDIC! OVER *HERE,* MAN!

PUT THOSE *FIRES* OUT. WE DON'T WANT A *GAS MAIN* GOING UP.

A SOLDIER with a VOICE that could command a GOD--

--and DOES.

Suddenly it's RAINING so hard it HURTS.

Everybody who CAN FalLS SILENT.

Except MATT.

GIVE ME A *WHITE*-- GIVE ME A *WHITE*--

--THE *KINGPIN.* *HE* SENT YOU. *SAY* IT.

DAREDEVIL--

--THAT MAN IS *OURS.* ON *FEDERAL* AUTHORITY.

STAND *BACK.*

YOU HAVE *FIVE SECONDS.*

There's a soft HUM as computer CIRCUITRY generates enough POWER to level a BUILDING--and HOLDS it waiting.

Not being STUPID, Matt backs AWAY

GIVE ME-- A *WHITE*

It's a LONG night.

It's a HORRIBLE night.

SHEER *LUNACY*, KINGPIN! SHEER *LUNACY*.

HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE *DEAD*--IF THE *SYNDICATE* GETS FINGERED FOR IT WE'LL BE IN COURT FOR *MONTHS*.

PLEASE MR GLAZER

...DO NOT REFER TO OUR ORGANIZATION AS A *SYNDICATE*. IT *DATES* YOU

DATES ME RIGHT SURE IN THE *OLD* DAYS WE MIGHT GO FOR A *FAMILY*--BUT WE NEVER FLATTENED AN ENTIRE *NEIGHBORHOOD*.

HAVE YOU ANY *IDEA* WHAT YOUR *VENDETTA* HAS COST US TONIGHT IN LOST *DRUG TRADE*?

VERY *LITTLE*-- AS COMPARED TO THE LOST *REAL ESTATE*. BUT PLEASE GO *ON* MR. GLAZER

YOU *BET* I'LL GO ON, FAT MAN. I'LL SAY WHAT *EVERYBODY* HERE IS THINKING. YOU'RE SCREWING *UP*.

YOU'VE ENDANGERED *ALL* OF US--AND COST US *MILLIONS*-- JUST TO HARASS THAT BLIND *SHYSTER*

GLAZER-- YOU'D BETTER EASE *UP*..

MR. GLAZER IS ENTITLED TO HIS *OPINION* MR ORNSTEIN.

ALLOW ME TO *INTERJECT*, HOWEVER, THAT *MURDOCK* IS NO LONGER AN *ATTORNEY*.

CRAZY, KINGPIN YOU'VE BEEN *CRAZY*--EVER SINCE YOU LOST YOUR *WIFE*--

.. LOOK, I.. GUESS I'VE BEEN HITTING THE *BOTTLE* A LITTLE TOO. . I DIDN'T MEAN TO...

....I MEAN HELL'S KITCHEN, YOU KNOW. . I'VE PUT A LOT OF *YEARS* INTO IT, AND..

YES, MR. GLAZER

I UNDER-STAND

HHKKK

GGG--

KRAKK

WE *ALL* UNDER-STAND EACH OTHER, NOW--

--*DON'T* WE, GENTLEMEN?

DAWN BREAKS, MERCIFULLY.

EXCUSE ME-- SORRY--

FOGGY. HE WAS MY PARTNER. IN AN-OTHER LIFE.

GOOD THING HE DIDN'T NOTICE ME

GLORI--

OH GLORI...

OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN...

CAN'T YOU *GIVE* ME SOMETHING FOR THIS--

HURTS JUST KEEPS *HURTING*--

YOU'RE FROM *IRELAND*? I HAVEN'T *SEEN* IT SINCE I WAS A *CHILD*.

OH, *HONEY*-- I WAS SO *SCARED*...

I THINK WE *ALL* SAW IT LAST *NIGHT*, SISTER. THE *BAD* PART, ANYWAY.

DON'T *MOVE* ME JUST GIVE ME SOMETHING *FOR* IT

FOGGY! YOU *CAME!*

YOU NEED TO *SLEEP*.

I'M ALL RIGHT MAGGIE REALLY I AM

OF *COURSE* I CAME, GLORI I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE *OKAY*...YOU ARE *OKAY*?...

BULLET PASSED RIGHT *THROUGH*, FOGGY. THOUGH IT *DID* TAKE A CHUNK OF ME *WITH* IT.

I CAN'T *BELIEVE* THIS *HAPPENED*. *FIRST* THING WE'LL DO IS GET YOU TO A PROPER *HOSPITAL*.

I CAN'T BE *MOVED* JUST YET. FOGGY, I'VE...I'VE GOT A *FAVOR* TO ASK YOU...

GET SOME *SLEEP*, MATT SOON AS YOU CAN.

I WILL.

SURE, GLORI. WHATEVER...

WELL, I HATE TO ASK FOGGY--BUT COULD YOU TAKE THIS ROLL OF FILM TO THE DAILY BUGLE-- TO BEN URICH?

BY NOW HE'S CLIMBING THE WALLS.

THERE YOU ARE...

GUESS YOU RE PRETTY SERIOUS ABOUT THIS JOB. I THOUGHT MAYBE--

DON'T EVEN START WITH THAT, FOGGY I'VE LOST NOTHING THAT WON'T GROW BACK.

AND THE PICTURES I TOOK...

YEAH. WELL... I'LL BE SEEING YOU, SWEETIE...

SURE, FOGGY I'LL CALL YOU...

WHAT IS IT MATT?

I'M IN TROUBLE KAREN. I HAVE TO GO.

TROUBLE-- IF THAT'S WHO I THINK IT IS --

EXCUSE ME-- SORRY--

--YES--NO MAN EVER BREATHED LIKE THAT--

- DOWN THE BLOCK--IN THAT ALLEY--

--NO--THERE'S HIS SCENT-- HE'S MOVING --THOUGH YOU'D NEVER KNOW IT FROM HIS HEARTBEAT-- SO STEADY--

--THERE--RAN PAST ME-- RATTLED A GARBAGE CAN A LITTLE SLOPPY BUT FAST--

--FASTER THAN ME--

--NO GOOD--HE'S GOT IT ALL WORKED OUT--RIGHT AROUND THE CORNER--

--LEAPING SO EASILY-- WINDOW STILL CREAKS WITH HIS WEIGHT--THREE HUNDRED POUNDS, AT LEAST--

-HIS MUSCLES LIE ABOUT IT--LIKE HYDRAULIC PUMPS THEY SWING HIM UP--

--ALL WORKED OUT-- HE TRACKED ME- SINCE LAST NIGHT--

DAREDEVIL-- I MEAN YOU NO HARM.

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

THAT MAN-- LAST NIGHT WHO IS HE?

YOU DIDN'T ASK?

YOUR EMPLOYERS, I MEAN.

THEY AREN'T MY EMPLOYERS

THEY SAID HE'S A TERRORIST.

NO ORDINARY TERRORIST, IF THAT'S EVEN WHAT HE IS. NO. HE'S TOO GOOD AT T. AND TOO WELL MADE.

HIS SKIN CONTAINS SEVERAL KINDS OF PLASTICS. IT'S VERY TOUGH, DOESN'T BURN EASILY. H.S SKELETON, H.S MUSCLES--THEY'RE ONLY PARTLY HUMAN.

SO WHAT'S IT TO YOU?

HE WEARS THE *FLAG*.

I HADN'T *NOTICED*.

IT DOESN'T *MEAN* ANYTHING TO THEM, THINKS THE SOLDIER. TO THEM, IT'S JUST A PIECE OF *CLOTH*.

SOMETIMES I FEEL SO *WEAK*.

Glori's PICTURES make it just under DEADLINE.

Mystery Killer Attacks Hell's Kitchen

Dozens Dead

JAMESON is so happy he springs for two COLORS.

It's a GOOD story.

Makes all the right people look TERRIBLE.

DAILY BUGLE

WILL YOU *CONTAIN* THE STORY, GENERAL? OR MUST I TAKE MEASURES OF MY *OWN*?

YOU CAN COUNT ON MY DEPARTMENT TO RENDER THE SITUATION *STABILIZED*, MR. FISK.

SIR--SIR, YOU CAN'T--

--YOU...UM... YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE --

GENERAL - WHO IS THIS MAN?

CAPTAIN. CAPTAIN. *PLEASURE* TO SEE YOU. *PLEASURE.*

OH. *THAT* NONSENSE. I'M AFRAID YOU'RE NOT *CLEARED* FOR THAT CAPTAIN. BUT IT'S NOTHING TO...

KLIK

...YOU KNOW HOW THESE THINGS...

...I REALLY WISH I *COULD* TELL YOU, CAPTAIN. THEN YOU'D *KNOW* IT'S NOTHING TO...I WISH I *COULD*...

...YOU KNOW THE DEPARTMENT HOLDS YOU IN THE *HIGHEST* REGARD. WE'VE ALWAYS VALUED YOUR *COMMITMENT* AND YOUR *LOYALTY*...

I'M LOYAL TO *NOTHING*, GENERAL EXCEPT THE *DREAM*

IT WASN'T MUCH OF A PLACE. JUST A GRIMY DINER IN A GRIMY SECTION OF TOWN.

JUST THIRTY YEARS IN THE LIVES OF BERTHA AND OTTO SCHNAPP.

INSURANCE COMPANY FOUND SOME EXCUSE I COULDN'T EVEN UNDERSTAND TO KEEP FROM PAYING ON THE POLICY.

YOU COULD *SUE* THEM, OTTO

YOU EVER *SUE* ANYBODY, RED?

ME AND THE *BRIDE*, WE'RE NOT *YOUNG* ANYMORE --AND WE'VE *NEVER* BEEN *RICH* BEING *RIGHT*, WELL...THAT DOESN'T COUNT FOR *MUCH*, NOT WHEN YOU BRING *LAWYERS* INTO IT.

NO, I GUESS IT DOESN'T...

. . WE'RE *BOTH* UNEMPLOYED *NOW*, MATT. WE--

--YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING N *MIND*. WHAT IS IT?

T'S SNEAKY

GROUND FLOOR SIR?

NOT JUST *YET*.

SUB LEVEL *SIX*. THE *VAULT*.

SIR--YOU AREN'T *CLEARED*-- I CAN'T--

YES CORPORAL

WHAPP

MANY FLOORS ABOVE...

NO. GIVE ME A *RED*. A *RED*.

SORRY, SON. IT'S *WHITES* AND *BLUES* FOR YOU FOR *NOW*, THAT IS.

DON'T GET THE WRONG *IDEA*, SON YOU'RE *NOT* BEING *PUNISHED* YOU *HAVEN'T* DONE ANYTHING *WRONG*.

BUT THOSE *REDS*-- THEY MAKE YOU PRETTY *WILD*. AND THE *DEPARTMENT* IS GETTING A LITTLE *HEAT*, AS YOU CAN SEE... SO UNTIL YOUR *RELOCATION*..

THIS IS MY *COUNTRY*. I WANT TO *STAY* HERE.

MP

MP

YOU'LL SERVE IT BETTER *OVERSEAS*, SON. THAT'S WHERE THE *ENEMY* IS.

DAILY BUGLE

Mystery Killer Attacks Hell's Kitchen

Dozens Dead

NO. THE ENEMY IS *HERE*. *HERE*.

THE SOLDIER TRIES NOT TO REMEMBER HOW IT USED TO BE--WHEN BREAKING INTO TOP SECRET RECORDS OF MILITARY INTELLIGENCE--AN ACT OF TREASON--WAS UNTHINKABLE.

UNTHINKABLE--BECAUSE IT WAS UNNECESSARY.

HE TRIES NOT TO RESENT THE COMPUTERS. ONLY AN OLD MAN WOULD

HE PUNCHES THE KEYS AND BREAKS THE RIGHT CODES AND PRAYS THAT HE IS WRONG.

PROJECT REBIRTH--THE WORD FLASHES ON THE SCREEN. THEN A NAME, HIS NAME...

STEVE ROGERS. UNFIT FOR ACTIVE DUTY. SUBJECT OF A CHEMICAL EXPERIMENT THAT MADE HIM A SUPERMAN.

STEVE ROGERS--THE SUPER SOLDIER--PROTOTYPE FOR WHAT WAS TO BE AN AMERICAN FIGHTING ELITE.

IF ONLY IT HAD GONE DIFFERENTLY, HE THINKS. IF ONLY THE SERUM AND THE MIND THAT HELD IT HAD NOT BEEN DESTROYED...

...WE COULD HAVE WON THE WAR WITH CLEAN HANDS - NOT WITH MILLIONS OF INNOCENTS MURDERED BY ATOMIC FIRE.

ALL THIS IS OLD NEWS. BEST NOT TO DWELL ON IT.

CODE AFTER CODE HE UNTANGLES, EASILY, IMPATIENTLY, HUNTING FOR ATTEMPTS TO REVIVE PROJECT REBIRTH.

HIS STOMACH LURCHES AS TWENTY NAMES APPEAR.

TWENTY.

DEAD--ALL BUT ONE.

AGENT SIMPSON.

CODE NAME: NUKE.

THIS IS THE ENEMY--THIS--

--THEY LIE ABOUT US--MAKE US FEEL ASHAMED--

FREEZE, MAN--

MP

MP

SETTLE DOWN, SON--

SIR--YOU'RE IN THE WAY--

--WE SHOULD NEVER FEEL ASHAMED--NEVER

KBLAM

FFTT

SHOOT HIM--SHOOT-

SIR--YOU'RE--

WHOKK

KBLAM BLAM BLAMM

SKRAKK

NOW SON--

- DON'T-- GO OFF HALF *COCKED*...

KBLAM

I WON'T LET YOU *DOWN*, SIR

THEY TRY--

--TO MAKE OUR *BOYS* ASHAMED--

AROOGA AROOGA

HELL'S KITCHEN

...COSTUME GIVES ME A PSYCHOLOGICAL ADVANTAGE OVER CRIMINALS KAREN..

...MAKES IT EASIER TO MOVE

..REALLY, IT'S CRUCIAL...

RIGHT, RIGHT..

THE AWARD FROM THE BUSINESSMEN'S ASSOCIATION WAS EARNED BY HARD WORK-- BY HAVING THE ARM BROKEN OF THE DAUGHTER OF AN OIL EXECUTIVE-- BY PROCURING A SIXTEEN MILLIMETER FILM OF ACTS BEYOND DESCRIPTION FOR AN AUTOMOBILE DISTRIBUTOR...

...YEARS OF HARD WORK, HE THINKS NOW THEY CHEER ME.

THE KINGPIN OF CRIME ...HOW EASILY I WILL SHED THAT TITLE. HOW HAPPILY.

THIS IS MY FUTURE--TO LEAVE THE UNDERWORLD BEHIND...NO, TO BRING IT WITH ME...

...THEN, FROM NOWHERE, IT STRIKES HIM--

--LIKE THE HAMMER BLOW THAT STRUCK HIS SKULL WHEN HE WAS TWELVE YEARS OLD AND SECONDS FROM HIS FIRST MURDER--

--THE NAME.

MURDOCK.

HE IS THERE WHEN I LEAST EXPECT HIM. HE HUNTS ME. HAUNTS ME. LAUGHS AT ME--

-HE IS NOTHING. ONLY A MAN.

I HAVE BROKEN SO MANY.

WESLEY--WITH SOME THING ABOUT NUKE...

KBLAMM KBLAMM

KBLAMM KBLAMM KPWING KPWING

KPWING

KBLAMM

THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS FED BY COMPULSIVE GAMBLERS TO CLEVER CON MEN AND NOW STAND POISED--

-TO BE FUNNELED INTO THE TECHNICALLY LEGITIMATE SIDE OF THE KINGPIN'S FINANCIAL EMPIRE.

RINGG

THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS OF REBUILT DINER. .

...OUR ARMY CONTACT SAYS NUKE BROKE OUT. HEADED FOR THE DAILY BUGLE.

SCRAMBLE ROARK AND WIRE HIM GOOD, GET HIM IN POSITION AND WAIT FOR THE KILL ORDER...

THE SOLDIER REMEMBERS THE TIME BEFORE HE WAS FROZEN.

HE REMEMBERS THE SMILES. THERE WAS SO MUCH HOPE IN THAT TIME HIS TIME.

HE REMEMBERS THE WAR...

THREE BLOCKS AWAY HAS TO BE THEM--

THE SOLDIER THINKS OF AIRPLANES, THE OLD KIND. THEN HE THINKS OF EGG BEATERS--

--IT'S THE SOUND-- ARMY HELICOPTERS --HOVERING OVER THE ROOF--

CAPTAIN...

...LEAVE ME HERE, CAPTAIN. I'LL HOLD THE LINE...

ON YOUR FEET, SERGEANT

THERE WAS SOMETHING MORE CLEAN ABOUT THE PLANES.

THOUGH THEY DROPPED BOMBS THAT BURNED FLESH AND DESTROYED THE EFFORTS OF GENERATIONS...

--THOSE HELICOPTERS -- MOVING IN--

--I DON'T LIKE WHAT THEY'RE SAYING TO EACH OTHER--

--WAIT TILL THEY COME OUT--KEEP IT TIGHT--

...THE PLANES DIDN'T SNEAK IN CLOSE, LIKE THE HELICOPTERS DO. THEY DIDN'T PICK OFF THEIR VICTIMS LIKE GIANT INSECTS FROM A HORROR MOVIE...

...DON'T BE OLD, THINKS THE SOLDIER. DON'T BE CRAZY.

THOSE ARE OUR BOYS.

KEEP IT TIGHT-- ON MY ORDER--

--FIRE--

BRAKABRAKABR

BRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKA

SPAKSPAKSPAKSPAKSPAK

--TAGGED HIM

--CEASE FIRE-- GENERAL'S ORDERS --MOVE IN ON FOOT--

WENT O-F THE *ROOF*-- *THAT* WAY--

SIR--WE CAN'T LET YOU--

I *RESPECT* THAT, LIEUTENANT.

SOMEBODY CALL A COP!

LUNATIC STOLE MY CAB!

SKREE

RED LIGHT YOU--

SKREECH!!

HONK!!

--BLIND MAN? CAN'T YOU SEE--

SKREEE

RADAR'S USELESS- WHAT THE WINDSHIELD LETS THROUGH THE RAIN TEARS TO BITS--

--TOO MUCH NOISE- HARD TO SORT -

HONK

--SOMEWHERE IN IT I PICK UP HIS HEARTBEAT, IT DOESN'T LOOK GOOD.

SKRUMPP

MANIAC--

MISSION-- STATUS?--

YOU'RE GOING HOME, SERGEANT.

AS LONG AS THERE'S A CHANCE -TO GET HIM TO THE HOSPITAL--

--PROMISED - PROMISED YOU'D NEVER DO THAT P

NO. NO HOSPITAL.

ONE PLACE--LEFT TO TAKE HIM -

--ONE PURPOSE-- HE CAN STILL SERVE...

SKRRRSSS EEEEE

ABOVE...

HE'S HEADING *EAST* NOW

KEEP ON IT, CORPORAL...

WAIT- SCAN THAT *ROOF*. HEAT SENSORS.

YES, SIR.

S.R. I'M PICKING SOMETHING *UP*. HOW COULD YOU *SEE*...

DAREDEVIL, BOSS. HEISTED *NUKE*--AND A *CAB*. DRIVING *WEST* ON--WAIT A MINUTE...

-- MAKE THAT *EAST* ON *TWENTY THIRD*.

EAST. THE *DAILY BUGLE*. WE MUST ASSUME THAT NUKE HAS *OVERCOME* DAREDEVIL-- AND IS FOLLOWING H S ORIGINAL *PLAN*.

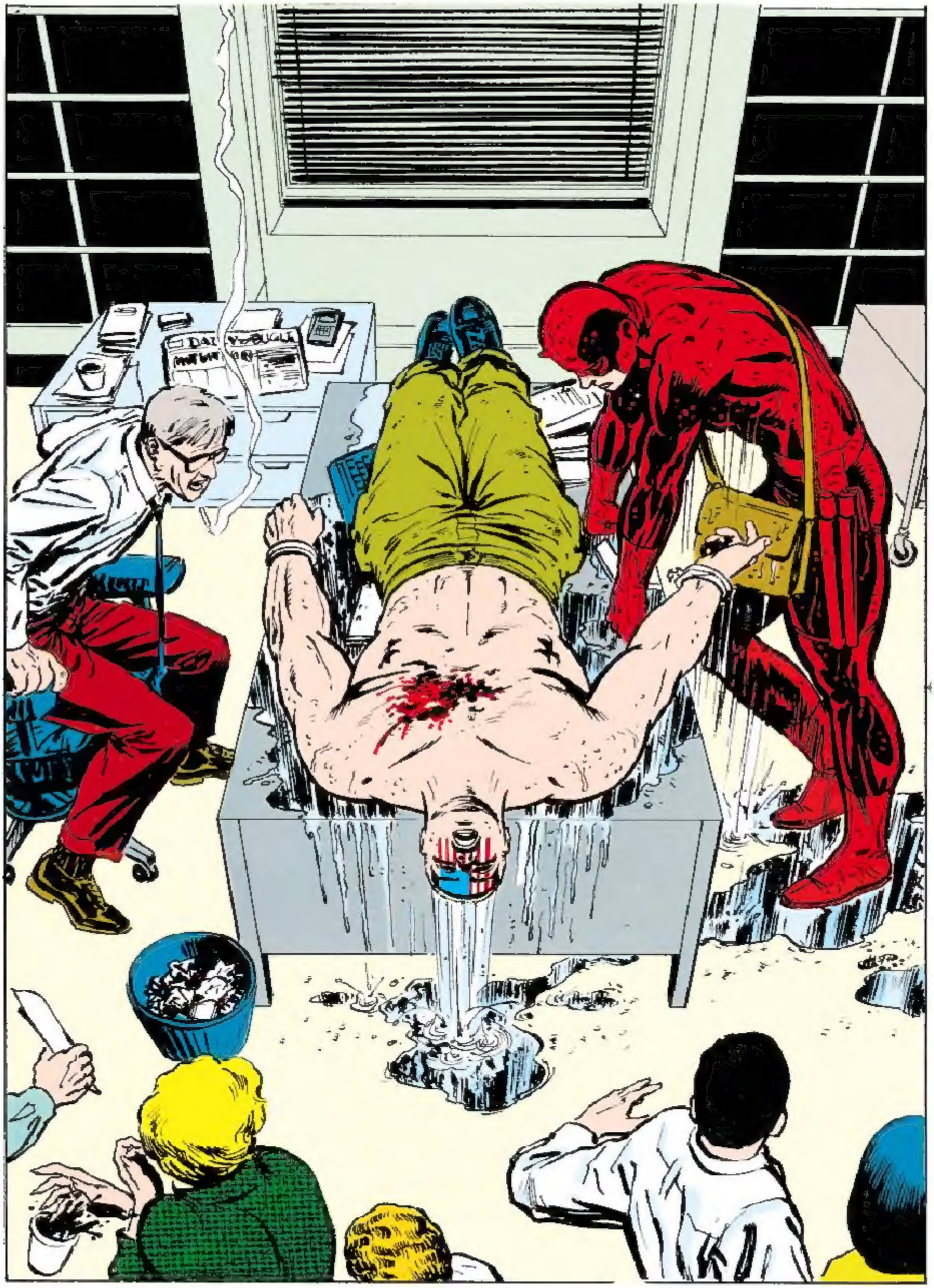
PATCH ME THROUGH TO OUR SQUAD ON THE BUGLE'S *ROOF*.

WINCH - COME IN, WINCH...

...STEINER. REPORT.

STEINER-- DO YOU COPY?

YB



THE NEXT FEW WEEKS GO POORLY FOR THE KINGPIN OF CRIME.

ONE OF THE HITMEN PLACED ON THE ROOF OF THE DAILY BUGLE NAMES THE CRIMELORD AS RESPONSIBLE FOR NUKE'S ASSAULT.

THEN, FROM EVERYWHERE, THE CHARGES COME...

DAILY BUGLE

U.S. ARMY SUPER KILLER

KINGPIN IMPLICATED IN HELL'S KITCHEN SLAUGHTER

...FROM CITIZENS GROUPS AND SENATE SUB-COMMITTEES--FIRED BY TESTIMONY FROM DISGRUNTLED EX-EMPLOYEES, BAG MEN AND NUMBERS RUNNERS BARTERING AWAY PRISON SENTENCES--

--SPEAKING MORE SWIFTLY THAN THE KINGPIN CAN HAVE THEM KILLED...

...AND THE FACES OF HIS LIEUTENANTS GROW SULLEN AND HOSTILE. HIS COMMANDS ARE OBEYED, BUT FAR TOO SLOWLY...

FEW OF THE CHARGES STICK. THOSE THAT DO ARE SKILLFULLY CAST INTO YEARS OF LITIGATION.

STILL, IN THE EYES OF EVERYONE EXCEPT, AS YET, THE LAW--HE IS A VILLAIN.

HE IS SHUNNED--EVEN CONDEMNED--BY THE BUSINESSMEN WHO SO RECENTLY CHEERED HIM.

THE LAW.

...AT LEAST I TOOK THAT FROM HIM.

MURDOCK, HE THINKS.

AND PLANS.

MY NAME IS MATT MURDOCK.

I WAS BLINDED BY RADIATION. MY REMAINING SENSES FUNCTION WITH SUPERHUMAN SHARPNESS.

I LIVE IN HELL'S KITCHEN AND DO MY BEST TO KEEP IT CLEAN.

THAT'S ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW.

RICHMOND CONSTRUCTION

MAZZUCCHELLI

MILTON19